### THE RATS OF THE LURONNE.

### A Lost Gun, A Happy Inspiration and a Triumph Over Red Tape.

There was a general clearing up on board the corvette La Luronne. During the sixteen years in which she had done duty in the waters of Alexandria, the Luronne the waters of Alexandria, the Luronne the corvette La Luronne. During the sixteen years in which she had done duty in the waters of Alexandria, the Luronne had already been subjected to a number of overhaulings; but now a despatch had come from the Ministry ordering a final disarmament of the vessel at the navy

yard of Toulon. And this was why, for two days, the rate concealed within her hospitable sides had lived in a mortal panic. Their fright was not entirely unwarranted, for during fortyeight hours Sergt. Madurec, who had several trouser linings and three or four pairs of shoes to avenge, had slaughtered them indefatigably.

Had they eaten anything, those rascals? Madurec would have been enjoying a good income if he had received 20 sous for each time that the commissary, who was making an inventory of the appointments of the ship, had been obliged to write, in the column headed "Cause of Loss," the words Eaten by rats."

Madurec could not get over the voracity of the animals. He consoled himself, however, with the thought that neither would the rats get over it, and was deep in these philosophic reflections when he was hailed by the voice of the Lieutenant. was halled by the voice of the Lieutenant.

In the twinkling of an eye the sergeant was on the bridge in the presence of the Commander, the Lieutenant, an ensign and the commissary, who were making an in-

spection of the ship.
"Madurec," said the Commander, "how many cannons have we on board?"
"Four, sir," answered the sergeant, astonished by the question.
"Have there never been more than four? You ought to know. You have been on board the Luronne longer than the rest

"It seems to me, sir, that I heard it said that once upon a time there were five; but I have never seen more than four myeelf, sir. "Well: You see," said the Commander

"Well: You see," said the Commander, turning to the commissary, "there must be some error in the former inventories—some paper may have been lost. It is very strange that none of your predecessors had noted this fact, and it is to be regretted that it escaped your notice. It is absolutely necessary that the irregularity should e remedied, and I count on you to straighten

be remedied, and I count on you to straighten out the matter."

When the inspection was over, Commissary Fortbiniou descended into his cabin, where he shut himself up, and began to go over the ledgers with the tenacity of a model official. At the end of four hours of exhausting work he found nothing.

By all the powers of darkness, he exclaimed, "what a fix. And to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock all the papers on board are to be taken away and the report signed by the commander. What is to be done?"

The dinner hour interrupted this monologue; but the commissary dined poorly,

The dinner hour interrupted this monologue; but the commissary dined poorly, under the weight of a troubled mind. When leaving the table he sent for Madurec.

"You know the books," he said to the latter. "Give me a lift, will you not? We must find the cannon. There is no help for it."

must find the cannon. There is no help for it."

"At your service, sir," Madurec replied; and the two men, with equal energy, set themselves to dig into the records, but with no results.

Hours passed. The light of the lamp was already paling in the first rays of dawn, and still they had found no clue to the

missing cannon.
The commissary began to feel the perspi-

To be sure, he had not lost the cannon; but it was his duty to verify the books when they were turned over to him. It was a serious business, very serious. The unfortunate Fortbiniou slready saw in imagination his future ruined, and the fourth stripe disappearing forever from his dishonored sleeve.

"But how to explain it?" he exclaimed.

"There ought to be some mention of the

"There ought to be some mention of the fact in the books. The paper must have

been lost or destroyed."

"Who knows?" Madurec rejoined, immediately mounting his hobby. "It may be that the rats have eaten the confounded paper. Those confounded beasts are capable of anything."

"Oute true" assented the unhappy pable of anything."

"Quite true," assented the unhappy
Fortbiniou, whose sorrowful glance straying to the unfinished report followed from
column to column the series of misdeeds
attributed to those personal enemies of Ma-

durec. Suddenly he sat up.
What idea had sprung up in his brain, heavy with a night of effort, he did not say; but, full of resolve, he seized his pen and wrote in a firm hand a few words on a page of his report. Then, handing the paper to

What do you say to that?" he asked in a triumphant tone.

Madurec read, and his eyes grew bright

Madurec read, and his eyes grew bright with amagement.

"You think that will pass?" he asked, with an anxious look in his face.

"It must pass. Besides, the commander will not have time to read it before he signs; and when the report is once in the offices of the Navy Department no one will look the will it carefully."

through it carefully."

Two hours later a bluejacket left the ship, carrying to the offices of the navy yard the report on the inventory of the Luronne, duly signed and certified by the commissary and the commander.

"Is everything in order?" the latter had

asked.

"Everything, sir."

And Commissary Fortbiniou returned to his quarters, rubbing his hands. His conscience was not, however, entirely untroubled. Especially on the days when for any reason connected with the service he was called to the navy yard his uneasiness was plainly to be noticed.

One morning his anxiety was at its height. As he passed through a corridor in the department building he ran across a friendagrave official with glasses—who said to him:

"There! You are just in time. The re-

to him:

"There! You are just in time. The report on the inventory of the Luronne has come back from the Ministry."

"May I see it?"

"Certainly, if it would amuse you. You will find it in my office."

The commissary followed his friend. A slight shiver ran over his back when, seated at a desk, he began, with trembling fingers, to turn over the leaves of the report wherever he recognized his own handwriting.

to turn over the leaves of the report wherever he recognized his own handwriting.

Presently he came upon a page which seemed to interest him more than the rest, and suddenly he gave a sigh of relief which caused two of the clerks to turn and look at him. This is what the commissary read. First, the following lines, written in his own hand under the head of "Losses":

Nature of Object. Date of Loss. Cause of Loss. One Cannon. Unknown. Eaten by Rats Opposite, in the column headed "Remarks," were these words, written in the Ministerial handwriting:

Approved, in view of the curiosity of the fact.

Du Bossorn,
Minister of the Navy.

## THE MAN WHO DIDN'T KILL STROBELOFF. ONE KINDNESS DESERVES ANOTHER

### Fate of a Nihilist Who Wavered, as Related by the Rev. Adolph Roeder.

with many languages.
"I consulted a friend, and between us

"The death of De Piehve," said the Rev. I into a mining claim, which he was work-dolph Roeder of Orange, N. J., "reminds ing with a partner.

"The partner stole all his money and was overpowered, bound and gagged, by Adolph Roeder of Orange, N. J., \*reminds me of a very curious incident which brought me in touch with the murder of Strobeloff, the Russian Chief of Police who was killed by the Nihilists in the '80s.

"It was a peculiar thing to happen to an American citizen, and the incidents in their order make a complete and finished story such as one doesn't often encounter

"One day, in 1887, a man sat on a bench in a park in Baltimore, planning the best way to commit suicide. He had sat on the bench all night. He had no money, he knew no one in America, he had been unable to get work, and he thought that he had got about

all out of life that was coming to him. "In the morning a workingman on his way to work noticed that the man was in trouble and spoke to him. They fell into conversation, and it ended in the working man's sending him to me, a minister being at all times considered a private charity or-

"The man reached my house just at breakfast time. I told him he needn't commit suicide till after breakfast, anyway, and then he could tell me his story.

"He unfolded a curious tale. He gave his name as Nikola Henckel and said he was the son of a ducal house of north Germany and that his mother was a Russian and a

we had spent on him.

Before he had done so, however, he disappeared. It was a very hot day in August, and we made the rounds of the hospitals, thinking he might have been overcome with the heat. When we did not find him we shook hands, congratulated each other that the experiment had not been a costly one, and dismissed it as one more case of misplaced confidence.

"But a few weeks after that I received a letter from a lawyer. This lawyer said that he had received a remittance of several hundred dollars for Nikola Henckel from his mother, and said he understood I could give him information of Nikola Henckel's whereabouts.

"We began to think Henckel's story might be true, and laid the matter before the Baltimore Police Department. A detective was put on the case. He turned his attention to the Russians in the city.

"For some reason or other his suspicions were directed against a certain Russian and that his mother was a Russian and a relative of the Czar.

"When he left school, in a burst of youthful enthusiasm he joined the Nihilists, as he was then living in Russia. At the very first meeting after he joined lots were directed against a certain Russian first meeting after he joined lots were directed against a certain Russian first meeting after he joined lots were directed against a certain Russian first meeting after he joined lots were directed against a certain Russian first meeting after he joined lots were directed against a certain Russian first meeting after he joined lots were directed against a certain Russian first meeting after he joined lots were directed against a certain Russian first would be recognized.

"Well, that was seventeen years ago. About a year ago I heard that Henckel had escaped and was coming to America."

"Well, that was seventeen years ago. About a year ago I heard that Henckel had escaped and was coming to America."

"The shoemaker had accosted Henckel on some pretext, and had invited him into didn't kill Strobeloff will die in Siberia."

into a mining claim, which he was working with a partner.

"The partner stole all his money and ran away one night. He walked eighty miles to the coast and got a berth to work his passage on a ship. The ship came to Baltimore, where he was discharged. He had found no other work, had used up all "They kept him, bound and gagged, in that shop for two days, while we were hunting for him. Then they took him on board a Russian sailing vessel and took him to Russia.

"By correspondence afterward I ascertained the whole story. Whether for

He had found no other work, had used up all his money, had received no answer to his letters home, and there he was.

"He took down the 'Almanach de Gotha' and showed me his family tree and record. That did not make his story any the less wild, but I could see that he was a young fellow of high education and acquainted with many languages. tained the whole story. Whether for poetic justice, or because they thought it safer, or for what reason, the Nihilists did not kill Henckel, but turned him over to the

Russian Government.

"Russia was in a state of excitement over the killing of Strobeloff. When Henckel ran away from the task, Vera Sassoulitch

"I consulted a friend, and petween use found him some pupils, and put him in the way of earning a living. He seemed very grateful, and promised to repay all we had spent on him.

"Before he had done so, however, he disran away from the tass, vera sassounced volunteered.

"She shot the chief of police dead at the foot of the statue of the Czar Alexander. She was executed almost immediately, but of course the Government was eager to apprehend all that had been involved in the plot.

"The two men who had captured Henckel turned State's evidence, and accused him.

turned State's evidence, and accused him of having intended to murder the Chief of Police. Their evidence was taken, but they were taken also, and sentenced to Siberia.

"Henckel was condemned to death, but through the influence of his mother the

through the influence of his mother the sentence was commuted to exile to Siberia sentence was commuted to exile to Siberia, and all three were sent away together. It would have been a study for a psychological novelist, those three men marching away to Siberia together.

"Henckel's story to me was true in every particular. His name was Henckel just as Queen Victoria's name was Guelph. But in Europe he would be known only by the family title, which I shall not give, as it would be recognized.

Revenge of the Widow Whose Pet Cat Was Poisoned by a Neighbor.

From the French

Fate, which often is so hard toward us Not being able to encompass by open means the revenge which she desired, Mme. Galuchard resolved to accomplish poor mortals—I know whereof I speak— had showed itself kind, even generous, to Mme, de Bientruffé. Having inherited it by force and by means of the darkest a small fortune sufficient to support her for life, she spent her days in undisturbed

One day-entirely by chance, of coursequiet and happiness, in the company of the janitor's wife, Mrs. Blanche, an old a piece of bread crust, soaked in milk saturated with arsenic, was thrown in the way friend from England; Miss Antoinette of the innocent Minouchon, who was wander-Komtorchett, and a gray Angora cat that ing over the stairs, and, incapable of susresponded to the name of Minouchon and pecting the perfidiousness of the human race, she thought she had found a tidbit The domestic affairs of the country had

and hastened to sample it. Alas! An hour later she died in fearful agony, and her little white Angora soul soared straight to the regions where there

an almost unknown world. When I have told you that she had arrived at the mature age of 74 without knowing what illness or even an infirmity is, that she always read without glasses and regularly partook of her four meals a day and had her daily walk, you will readily admit that she had every reason to be happy.

It goes without saying that such happiness could not avoid exciting great jealousy and giving rise to much gossip among the amiable neighbors of Mme. de Bientruffé. In talking about her some of them, instead of calling her simply by her name, preferred to employ disagreeable epithets, such as "that woman" or "that creature."

Others credited her fortune with the most questionable origins, of which the most questionable origins, of which the most questionable origins, of which the most noroable by far was theft. Still others were always amazed at the fact that the proprietor of the house had not yet shown "them" the door. It is to be understood, of course, that by this emphasized monosyllable they referred to her and her pet cat.

Among her most implacable enemies might be ranked the family Galuchard. The wife spent her days in gossiping and the husband his in taking naps; but there was this difference between them, that while she did not leave the house. he never left the office.

Burning with an almost Carthaginian

trouble themselves about it, Mme. Galuchard least of all.

A week later, however, when the latter was at home and busy thinking what new injury she could do Mme. de Bientruffé, a uniformed messenger brought her a large box and withdrew saying that it was paid for. Thinking that she would find some beautiful gift—a shawl, a boa, perhaps a gown, Mme. Galuchard hastened to open the box.

Horrors! Hardly had she lifted the cover before a swarm of little gray animals, leaping, jumping, bounding and giving pieroing squeals, dashed across the room and crowded together in the corners, leaving the paralyzed woman half dead with fright. At the bottom of the box was a note signed by Mme. de Bientruffé:

"Madame: You killed my cat by giving him a signe and state the line and be seen a later of all the signe." sometimes played threw her into fits of lady had formally refused to comply with

"Madame: You killed my cat by giving him arsento. As this kindness deserves another, I make you a present of my mice."

# THE FLAW IN HIS SYSTEM.

As the suburban train was on the point | of pulling out of the city, in the midst deep admiration.

of a smart downpour, the bank cashier

"No, sir, not in twenty years," reiterated of a smart downpour, the bank cashier was seen frantically tearing down the street. He dashed into the station, threw himself in a dank and bedraggled heap upon the last step of the last car, dragged in some big station, and I say to the chap is heavy length up the steps to the plat- in charge of it: form, shook himself like a drenched terrier, mournfully took off his \$16 Panama and

Then he went into the car and sat down apologetically beside a corpulent and placid featured man he knew, who was a millionaire.

"Pretty sharp shower," remarked the millionaire, looking him over with the uncharitable and slightly patronizing glance of a very dry man at a very wet one. "Where's your umbrella?"

The cashier meekly explained that he had no umbrella, having left the article in question on the 5:40 o'clock train down from town the night before. He intended to pay a visit to the lost article room when the train got in, and then he supposed he'd go buy another. (Gloomily.)

The millionaire sniffed.
"You must have money to burn," he said. "Look at me, sir. No man ever sees me wet and bedraggled; and yet I haven't bought an umbrella for twenty years and

the big man, visibly expanding. "Whenever it looks squally and I want an umbrella, I step into the lost article room

"Excuse me, but I wonder if you've seen my umbrella? I left it on such and dumped about a quart of rain from the such a train, and I name a pretty wet day crown thereof, and then cursed quietly under his breath.

Then he went into the car and sat down

Then he went into the car and sat down

sir?' asks the chap.

"Well,' I say, 'it's just a common every-day black umbrella, with a twisted handle.'
You see, the majority of umbrellas have twisted handles, and, besides, I prefer 'em.

"Well, he gets me down one, and passes it out. 'Is that it?' he says.

"I take it and look it over, very careful like, and examine the handle critically, and turn it this way and that, and finally open it very slowly.

"Well," I say, uncertainly, still sizing it up, it certainly looks something like mine; but I think mine had a——.

After that they keep coming right along without any let up, until I get hold of a bang-up good one, and then I call the hand. Ah! I say, 'here it is! Now, sonny, you're talking. This is my umbrella.'

"And sure enough it is, young man; for out I go with it, and the chap in charge jolly glad to get rid of it. Buy an umbrella! Not me, when there's a thousand

The cashier expressed his wonder and deep admiration.

"No, sir, not in twenty years," reiterated the hig man visibly expanding. "When-the hig man visibly expanding."

"No, it's all right," said the cashier,

humbly.

The train bowled on and the rain poured.

"Speaking of umbrellas, that's a pretty
good looking one you've got there," said the
cashier, in brooding accents. "Where did you get that one?" "I got that one last night, sir," said the millionaire, expanding again. "I came down to take the 6.50 train, found it drizzling

when I got off the car, and simply stepped in and helped myself, like a wise man and a gentleman."
"Ah!" said the cashier in preoccupied

tones, "that explains it."
"Explains what?" asked the millionaire "Explains what?" asked the millionaire somewhat tartly.

"My dear sir," replied the cashier blandly,
"I don't want to hurt your feelings or destroy your faith in your system, but you've simply got my umbrella. I'd know it among a thousand."

"Your umbrella!" sniffed the millionaire suspiciously, "but I thought you said you lost it last night. sir."

suspiciously, "but I to lost it last night, sir."

"I left it on the 5:40 train," said the cashier quietly. "It probably caught the first train back and you met it just off the cars. They always send 'em back by the first train," he explained pleasantly.

The millionaire was thoughtful for a moment, then reached for the umbrella.

The millionaire was thoughtful for a moment, then reached for the umbrella and presented it to the cashier with certain marks of deference in his manner.

"I don't know which is the bigger liar of the two," he said, "but, anyhow, you take the pot."

Then he looked out of the window and whistled softly, while the rain poured.

#### not secured the necessary certificate to practise before it may, as a matter of courtesy, be admitted on motion of some attorney already qualified. This is called Concerning this practice a well known attorney recently told this story:

Burning with an almost Carthaginian hatred, Mme. Galuchard comprised under

the same malediction Mme. de Bientruffé

and her cat Minouchon, vowing inces-

she would cook their soup for them.

santly with set teeth that some day or other

The piano on which her old neighbor

mad rage, which were accentuated only by

the mewing of the cat. She had already

several times demanded the execution of

the animal, and every time the poor old

the demand, denying the charge that her

pet attracted all the tomcats of the neigh-

It is a rule in the Circuit Court of the

United States that attorneys who have

had no equal as a mouser.

left the office.

no interess for her; the foreign wars did

not trouble her, and politics was to her

an almost unknown world. When I have

"I went up the other day before Judge Brown and found our friend B- there, a little uneasy on account of the fact that he had a case to try and had just found out from the clerk that he wasn't on the rolls and couldn't do any business until

he was. I told him I would move him in, and while I was getting ready to do it in comes C-, my old partner, and I told

BANGOR, Me., Aug. 18.—The masts of the

frigate Constitution, whose 100th anniver-

sary was celebrated recently at Boston,

of that important lumbering operation:

were cut in Waldo county, Me., and an old settler, Crosby Fowler, relates this story

him about it. "'Why,' said he, I'll bet \$5 you aren't a member yourself.'

"I took him up, and we looked at the book, and lo, and behold! I wasn't a member. Then C—— said it would be all right; he would move us both in.

"Just then I had an idea, and in a joking spirit I bet him \$5 he wasn't a member himself. He took it up; again we referred to the book, and, by Jovel he wasn't a member either.

"Just then the Judge, who had caught on, began to laugh, and he finally settled it by having the clerk move us all in in a

This brings to mind the fact that it was This brings to mind the fact that it was his failure to be admitted to practise before the Circuit Court of this district, except by courtesy of the Minnesota branch of it, that saved a certain young lawyer connected with the Peter Power case from punishment for contempt. Although he had appeared regularly before Judge Lacombe for weeks, when proceedings were begun to punish him the true facts were ascertained and the Court decided that it lacked jurisdiction.

## THE HOTEL CLERK'S STORY.

"I think I got square with a couple of dogs last night," said the suburban resident whose business keeps him out till 2 o'clock every morning, "and that without running foul of the S. P. C. A.

"The beasts haunt my street and the moment they hear my footstep they set up a barking which wakes up all the neighbors and sets them wondering what form of dissipation keeps me out so late.

"I tried it again a minute later on a big nondescript animal that came bellowing at the in a dark stretch under some trees.

UMBRELLA CURE FOR DOGS.

MAN'S SCENT WHAT DEER FEAR.

MENDING OF MRS. BILLTOPS.

dissipation keeps me out so late.

WILLIMANTIC, Me., Aug. 6.-- George Capen

of Boston, who is taking an outing in the Maine woods for his health, and is spending

It in studying the habits of deer, has learned

at least one fact about deer which has not

been recognized by hunters or natural-"I think I have demonstrated," said Mr.

Capen, "that it is not man but the smell of man which causes the deer to take alarm.

To prove my hypothesis I have often placed clothes which had been worn by members

of our party so the deer could smell them, and in every case the animals have been as badly frightened as if a living human being

"It is a pleasant picture that Mrs. Billtops

dissipation keeps me out so late.

"Well, I was carrying an umbrella unrolled last night and an inspiration struck me. One brute, a cross grained fox terrier, was standing in the fringe of shadow about twenty feet from a lamp post.

"I walked close up to him, he snarling and yapping to split your ears. At about and yapping to split your ears. At about a dark stretch under some trees.

As I dashed the umbrella open, his note charged to sharp yelps of agony, and I'm sure I don't know where he stopped running. He certainly got clear off the block. I was sattled myself at the success of my experiment.

"I recommend the umbrella cure for dogs. Try it."

Trecommend the umbrella cure for dogs. Try it."

More than this, I have proved that the smell of a human being acts as an irritant to the nestrils of the deer, causing them to

to the nestrils of the deer, causing them to sneeze violently and repeatedly, the way a man will after he has inhaled red pepper or tobacco dust.

"So soon as the human odor renches a feeding deer it will wrinkle the flesh surrounding its nostrils and curl its upper lip back, exposing the toothless gums at the front of the upper jaw. Then it shakes its head, the way it will when annoyed by flies, after which it begins to sneeze.

"The conduct of the deer inductes extreme annoyance instead of terror, and

The conduct of the deer indicates ex-treme annoyance instead of terror, and I am fully convinced that when the animal runs away it does so to escape from the odor which has vitiated the atmosphere and brought on a fit of sneezing."

"The queerest thing that ever happened on me," said the hotel clerk, "came off when was on the night desk of a small hotel na Connecticut town.

"It was a second rate establishment,"

"What do you want with two revolvers?"

"What do you want with two revolvers?"

"What do you want with two revolvers?"

"It was a second rate establishment,"

"It was a second rate establishment,"

"It was a second rate establishment,"

"The queerest thing that ever happened guest, and I'd tucked it into the drawer place to put it.

"What do you want with two revolvers?"

"It was a second rate establishment, is uppose some one of the put it.

"It was a second rate establishment, is uppose some one of the put it.

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"It was a second rate establishment, is uppose some one of the put it.

"It was a second rate establishment, if you will give me to me," said the hotel clerk, "came off when I was on the night desk of a small hotel put it. in a Connecticut town. "It was a second rate establishment, asked the stranger. frequented mostly by drummers, and the

situation was rather lonely at night. There were stores all about, and they closed early, so that after 10 o'clock ours was the only place on the block open. For that reason, I kept a revolver in the money drawer.

"One night about half past 11 apleasant spoken, well dressed young fellow came in and asked for a room. We talked for a few minutes, then I told him as tactfully as I could that as he didn't have any baggage he would have to pay in advance.

"All right,' he said. 'Take it out of that.' He handed me a \$10 bill.

"I pulled out the money drawer to change it. There was my revolver in plain sight, and another one with it. The second gun had been left in his room by a departing."

so that after 10 o'clock ours was the only l'd have another handy.

"My God! What's that?' yelled the stranger, and pointed to the window. It's suppose, and go to bed.'

"Well, I'll leave it to you if that wasn't enough to puzzle any man. Had he tried to hold me up, or was it just a fool game of his?" Somehow, I couldn't just make up my mind. So I gave him his change and left in his word to hold me up, or was it just a fool game of his stranger, and pointed to the wild only the tried to hold me up, or was it just a fool game of his couldn't just make up my mind. So I gave him his change and left in his word in the mind in the thould me up.

"My God! What's that?' yelled the stranger.

"When I looked back, there was the stranger standing with his back against the will and covering me with the extra revolver while you weren't looking and a revolver while you weren't looking and a revolver while you weren't looking and a revolver while you weren't looking and to clock the chambermaid reported that she couldn't get any answer from the room to which I had assigned the stranger.

"But next morning things happened which cleared the matter up. About 11 o'clock the chambermaid reported that she couldn't get any answer from the nough to hold me up.

I when I looked back, there was the stranger with the extra revolver wille you to his room,

situation was rather lonely at night. There were stores all about, and they closed early,

"'Oh,' said I, joshing, 'suppose some one should come in and find me with the till out and get one gun and start to hold me up. I'd have another handy.

"'My God! What's that?' yelled the stranger, and pointed to the window. It's stranger and pointed to the window.

#### masts once stood, a giant of the forest, towering high above all other trees. I well remember hearing old settlers describe the tree and the manner of hauling it.

"It took eighteen oxen to move it, and one pair in a separate sled to keep the rum along to cheer the hearts of the men who

along to cheer the hearts of the men who had come by invitation, with their oxen, to help haul the big stick to the Sebasticook, where it was landed and afterward floated to tidewater on the Kennebec.

"The stump is much decayed by time and defaced by the axes and knives of seekers after relics, but there is enough left to mark the place where the noble tree once stood. This tree was said to be what is termed a 32-inch mast, and, while not as large as they frequently cut in those days, was remarkable for its beauty and great length, as well as for its size at the top." "In the town of Unity, on land now owned by C. C. Fowler, the stump is still pointed out where well authenticated tradition says that one of the Constitution's

# COLLEGE MEN IN THE WOODS.

A MAST OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THREE LAWYERS IN A FIX.

wild lands of Maine is worth more than all the other holdings in the State.
"We have more than 25,000,000,000 board feet of spruce, which should be worth at least \$4 a thousand on the stump. Then

we have millions of feet in second growth pine, some of which is very large-to say nothing of hemlock and hemlock bark. "To this we must add the young' timber

ORONO, Me., Aug. 13.-In quick negoti- | which are not yet big enough to cut. but able value," said Forest Commissioner which is coming on so rapidly that in many townships it is making for its compared to cut, but from 5 to 8 per cent. every year. Now if you will add to these the vast areas of hard woods, many of which are very valuable for flooring and cabinet work, you have a combined valuation that will nearly pay off the entire Government debt."

It is a realization of this fact that is leading owners of forest lands to give more and more protection from fire to their holdings. Several of the men who have large holdings in wild lands have contributed to hire men to patrol the woods constantly from late in May until the fall rains set in.

The average pay of these patrolmen is about \$1.50 a day and all found. The outdoor life and the strange scenes

have induced college students and students of natural history topics to seek this kind of employment, so that instead of having "The Squire said it wasn't, an' Mag was Frenchmen from Canada or Indians from Old Town on duty, the fire watch of Maino is composed of young men of education. Now and then an employee grows weary of the solitude and gives up his job on ac-

count of homesickness, but a majority are delighted with the work and say they are the only persons in the world who receive pay while enjoying an outing. "It is away ahead of a gymnasium for keeping a chap in training," said an athletic

undergraduate from Harvard. 'No man can do his duty as a fire natrol and keep

an' she says:

"My idee is that this hump mowt accident'ly be Marcellus's pup that seems to be the plaintiff in this here case,' says

"I am carrying an axe, a big blanlet and five or six days' rations on my back most of the time, and when I do not cover my thirty or forty miles a day I amealled my thirty or forty miles a day I am called

# THE TIME WHEN JOSH WAS NOT GUILTY.

presents," said Mr. Billtops, "as she sits in her big easy rocker at the open window, in the cool and quiet rooms, with the slats of the window blinds so fixed as to shut out the sun but not the light and air, quietly busy with her mending.

Very comfortable she looks as she sits

there, and very pleasing to the eye, and she seems the very embodiment of tranquillity; but presently:

give me some money for Columbus's stockings. I've mended and mended these till they're all covered with darns, and they hurt his feet, and I can't darn them any 'And I need money for-' and then she enumerates a long list of things that she

ought to get right away, and winds up, as she began, with 'you've simply got to give me some money.' "How was that to come from the tranquil lady sitting there plying the needle? And

'It's all very well to mend,' she goes on, but there comes a time when it's a

her mending, comfortable and apparently the embodiment of tranquillity; but I guess I've got to shell out the money."

"I was present when David B. Hill made his argument on the Molineux appeal. I noticed that he wore an old blue serge

sack coat.

"It looked as though it had served its term as a street coat and then had been worn for several years, at least, in the office. It was out of shape and needed

CHESTER, N. Y., 'Aug. 15.—"Say," said the irrepressible eitizen who comes, withought t'other mornin' when he discovered that irrepressible eitizen who comes, withought t'other mornin' when he discovered that he couldn't figger it out any other toward Pochuck, "it's pretty hard to lose it?" said Shaddy the landlord. "Easiest thing in the world! as Cousin Marcellus Merriweather's dog but to get \$50 to lose! To get it! There's where the hard part comes in."

"Not if you have dogs that give down \$50 pups, it ain't!" said the Pochuck chronicler, sitting down in the easiest chair, with a wave of his hand toward the landlord that was plainly meant to impress him with the fact that perhaps he had not regarded the matter in the light of that contingency." Not if you have them kind o' dogs, it cousin Marcellus had fer sale.

"Not if you have them kind o' dogs, it is in't!" said Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives down opposite Goose "Tut, tut!" said Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives down opposite Goose "Tut, tut!" said Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives down opposite Goose "Tut, tut!" said Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives down opposite Goose "Tut, tut!" said Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives down opposite Goose "Tut, tut!" said Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives down opposite Goose "Tut, tut!" said Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives down opposite Goose "Tut, tut!" said Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives down opposite Goose "Tut, tut!" said Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives down opposite Goose "Tut, tut!" said Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives down opposite Goose "Tut, tut!" said Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives down opposite Goose "Tut, tut!" said Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives down opposite Goose "Tut, tut!" said Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives the money you got fer that pupp says he "Josh where's my pup?" in the thought the had been down to Cousin Marcellus shoot to tone in the light of that condition of the county says Cousin Marcellus shoot to Cousin M

'Why, say!' says Josh, slashin' his hat down on the ground. 'T'm so nigh sartin that I hain't snooped no pup an' sold it fer

that I hain't snooped no pup an' sold it fer nobody's money that I'm almost willin' to let you s'arch me! says he.

"'Josh,' says Cousin Marcellus, 'perjuce the pup or I'll have to jug you!'

"Jug an' be durned! says Josh.
"So Cousin Marcellus went an' got a warrant, an' had Josh arrested an' drug before the Squire. Mag, knowin that Josh had been out some'rs all night the night before, thought that the best thing she could do was to go huckleberryin' instead o' goin' to the Squire's an' bein a witness for Josh, an' she went a huckleberryin' back on the mountain.

"The sarcumstances was all ag'in Josh at the hearin', considerin' them an' Josh together, an' the Squire was on the p'int o' holdin' him fer the Grand Jury, when who should come tearin' in to the Squire's but

Mag. She was all het up an' red as a beet. She had her berry basket on her arm.

"'Squire,' says she, 'is it too late fer me to be a witness fer Josh in this here pup

"The Squire sald it wasn't, an' Mag was swore, an' she went on with her witnessin'.

"'All I got to say is,' says she, 'that I went huckleberryin' back on the mountain, an' I run ag'in a big blacksnake layin' under a bush, stiff as a stick o' wood. I clubbed its head in, an' then I seen that it had swallered somethin' big. That sort o' give me an idee. Mebbe the idee ain't right, but I thought it mowt be a feather in Josh's cap if I found out whether it was or not."

Mag's witnessin' as fur as it had gone, any flesh on his bones.

"So they cut the snake open, an', as sure as skeeters a-hummin', the sarpint's evidence saved the prisoner! That hump was Cousin Marcellus's \$50 pup!

"Joshua,' says the Squire, 'you're discharged, but you must be more keerful! You got to be more keerful! says he.

"Josh said he would, an' him an' Mag went home, leavin' Cousin Marcellus the most disapp'intedest man that ever was, an' ponderin' o' how easy it was to have dogs that give down \$50 pups, an' how hard it was tolose \$50 in these tough times, 'specially when it was stole right out of a feller'e hands an' couldn't be got back."

buv at the restaurants. Paccn, ccrn bread and tea are my standards, and when I cannot find baccn, strips of raw sall y crk that are fat and sweet will serve rs well.

"When one has to lug his grub on 1 is about taking on a big lead. A haif pound of bacon and a pint of cornecal—the latter of the cannot find baccn, strips of raw sall y crk that are fat and sweet will serve rs well.

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"When one has to lug his grub on 1 is about taking on a big lead. A haif pound of bacon and a pint of cornecal—the latter of the la

"It's all very well to mend,' she goes on, but there comes a time when it's a waste of time to mend. See the time it took me yesterday to darn and mend and patch American's pajamas!

"Tut, tut! Tut, tut!" said Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives down opposite Goose patch American's pajamas!

"Tut, tut! Tut, tut!" cows ain't worth any more than that! Even good cows ain't!"

"Cows!" said the Poohuck man. "Cows! of send our things to the wash. I don't know what they must think of the things I might do if I ddin't have to spend all my time mending. I lell you, Eara, it's all very well to mend, but there comes a time when it's simply a waste of time to mend; and I've got to have some money."

"And think of the tomend, and I've got to have some money."

"And think of the moment."

"It's ut! Tut, tut! Tut, tut!" said Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives down opposite Goose Poon Mountain. "Tut, tut! Cows ain't worth any more than that! Even good!"

"Cows!" said the Poohuck man. "Cows! of course they ain't! But what's cows? Cows! of the wash. I don't know what they must think of the things I might do if I ddin't have to spend all my time mending. I lell you, Eara, it's all very well to mend, but there comes a time when it's simply a waste of time to mend; and I've got to have some money."

"And it's a sort of a shock to me to have that cloud float in and for the moment: else mends."

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"It's tut! Tut, tut! Tut, tut! Cows ain't worth any more than that! Even good!"

"South Marcellus, 'we'll close the dichose the dichort and marcellus in which it's Jank Billtope presents as she sits there at the possible of the contention, and how I'm delayed about everything. I tell you, Eara, it's all very well to mend, but there comes a time when it's simply a waste of time to mend; and I've got to have some money."

"And tit's a sort of a shock to me to have that obecand the man from I select that the pups come the didn't have no pup, II tell you, 'and

DAVID B. HILL'S LUCKY COAT.

Some people are wondering what coat ex-Senator David B. Hill will wear at the coming State convention. A man who knows him says he has a lucky coat which he may trot out for the occasion. Said this man:

"I was present when David B. Hill made this argument on the Molineux appeal. I noticed that he wore an old blue serge sack coat.

"It looked as though it had served its term as a street coat and then had been worn for several years, at least, in the office. It was out of shape and needed

not.'
"Then she turned her basket upside down on the Squire's table an' dumped out a tremendous big blacksnake. A promisin' hump half way down the snake backed up

she.

"Well,' says the Squire, 'seein' that the prisoner is entitled to the benefit o' the doubt, we'll admit the evidence,' says he.

"So they cut the snake open, an', as my thirty or forty miles a day I am called down for leafing.

"I find that simple feeds stand by me much better than the chicken fixings you buy at the restaurants. Pacch, corn bread